

through this! look out, you fellows, don't get cut off from the rest." And so on until the station was reached.

And who does not remember the crowd there? how the police were shoved to one side, how the people simply would not be denied, and how the great side doors were forced by the mob of angry beings shut out by the police. Why, twenty doors could not have withstood that rush. And why shouldn't it be so? Isn't Tom going to the war in South Africa? and that's not just around the corner! And who knows whether Harry's coming back or not? Keep us out? well, I guess not! And inside! Will I ever forget it! Every inch of space occupied wherever a human being could stand or cling; and those who found no foot-room, on the shoulders of others, without fear of falling, so dense the crush; and ever on the move, surging this way and that. To us, on the train, it looked like a billowy sea of upturned faces, of eyes and open mouths—we on an island. How could the train move out?

Mother was there, who smiled bravely in order that the dear departing boy might not be depressed by a sight of her tears, though she knew of the long, weary, anxious hours to come, when her heart would cry for Charlie and her arms ache to enfold him. And where is Charlie? That is he, over half way out the car window and waving farewells to her. She feels that she must reach him for one last embrace. How can she get through the crush? She appeals to those around her, who, taking in the situation at a glance, shoulder her through. Mrs. Smith declared afterwards that she never once touched the floor until she felt Charlie's arms around her neck and his warm kisses on her cheek. "Good-bye, my dear, dear boy. God keep and bring you safely back to mother."